

then the girl on stage got down and one of the waitresses got up there and she started ripping her rump
tearing at her turnips
mascara eyes sinking deeply into her skull
and the girl who had just been up there
she came by and served us 2 more glasses of chilled red wine
I tipped her smartly and the fat man and the thin man and the medium man watched girl #2 much in the manner of men working crossword puzzles
when girl #3 got up
girl #2 served us 2 more glasses of chilled red wine for which I tipped her not so smartly
girl #3 which was waitress #1 seemed the least intense of them all
she just stayed on her back and first lifted one leg
then let it down
then lifted the other one
she had on a belt
strips of cheesecloth which dangled front and back over a pair of panties with a pink heart sewn upon the left hand cheek
the music stopped and she got on down and we got on out
we walked back toward the car
"that was awful," she said to me
"yes, it was," I said, "but it was still better than that play."
we got back to the car
I had driven in
she drove us back.

THE INTERVIEW

he was one of America's finest writers
only now he was somewhere between 80 and 90 years old.
he had broken through very much morality which made it so much easier for all those who followed.

I wondered why he was appearing on a talk show.
after some congenial bantering
the host asked him what kind of toy he wanted most as a boy.
the writer got into toys and food and his Brooklyn neighborhood.

"all right," said the host, "before you get all cranked-up we have to work a commercial in here"

after the commercial the old man talked about his women. he said he preferred Japanese women. the old man had been married 5 times but he thought marriage killed things, but he still had no regrets. but Japanese women were the best.

"why do you think Japanese women are best?" the host asked.

"some things can't quite be talked about or explained," the old man said.

then the host asked him:

"do you think about death?"

and the old man told him that, indeed, he did think about death.

and the old man went on to say

that he liked to believe

there was a place you sat

after you died and you

thought over your past mistakes

and after you got them figured and

realized that they were mistakes you came back again.

"but if you were stupid," he told

the host, "you had to stay in this place a long time. some could maybe come back to earth in a week, but if you were stupid"

"well," the host interjected, "I know you would have to stay longer than a week"

the old man smiled and bowed his head.

it was a stupid mistake: I'm sure the host meant that the old man had made so many mistakes that it would just take more time.

"we will now have a commercial break," said the host.

when they came back the old man said to the host, "you know, I've got to tell you something. I've been on recent appearances elsewhere and I've never needed notes, but somehow going on your show I got nervous, I made notes. I've always admired you. I asked people about you and they said you were a fine person. I remember when you were a news broadcaster"

"well, thank you," said the host, "and I

certainly don't want you to leave here thinking
those people are liars"
the old man smiled.

they talked of things. the old man said
he'd always wanted a fire engine for a toy.
then the old man talked about how he used to
borrow money from his friends. he'd knock on
their doors and ask for a dollar and they would
say, "how about 50 cents?"
the host found this amusing. then he read the
old man the message the old man had on his door.
in a shortened sense the message stated that the
old man would rather not be bothered by visitors.
"Hesse really wrote that," said the old man, "but
I use it. you see, I still write, I paint, I just
can't be bothered"
"but when I knocked you let me in," said the host.
"why was that?"
"well, I knew that you were coming, you made an appoint-
ment," said the old man, "but I just can't see everybody."
I still write, I still paint, I ... don't like to be
interrupted"
"before you get cranked-up," said the host, "we are
going to have a commercial break"

they came back and talked some more. then the host
thanked one of America's greatest writers for appearing
on his show.
the old man said, "is it over? is the interview
over?"
the host said: "I've already thanked you for appearing
...." the host went on to say who was appearing next
week and the next week and the week and weeks after that
and then the program
was over.

RISE, OLD PURPLE SNAKE!

one thing.
when the women aren't about
a man gets his work
done.
and getting it down is just as
important as
getting it up.
more so,
I think, though I prefer a bit
of each.
right now
I'm getting it down.